

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

THE

# RECORD

BOSTON



MARCH

## IN THIS ISSUE

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THE DEAD LETTER  
OFFICE  
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MANY AN EYE  
A DANCING I DID GO

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# The English High School Record

Volume LI

No. 4

March, 1936



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CLASS OF 1937 IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL



### THE BLUE AND BLUE PROM

The Senior Class held the annual Blue and Blue Prom, Friday, February 7, 1936, at the Hotel Vendome, one of the Back Bay's most exclusive hotels. The affair was a grand success and congratulations are due to the Dance Committee and the Class Officers, who helped to make the evening enjoyable. Blair Kinsman's band was excellent, and we would advocate that he be seriously considered for the Farewell Dance to be held in May. Entertainment was furnished in a professional manner by several members of the class. Frank Lyons, of Metropolitan Theatre and radio fame, sang several numbers which were received with much applause. Jimmy Supple drew rounds of applause with his excellent tap dancing. President McPhail certainly made the "Music Go Round and Round" in a fashion that made his appreciative audience join in the refrain.

Miss Katherine Downey represented the Headmaster, who was unable to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ohrenberger, Major and Mrs. Driscoll, Mr. Elliot Frazier, and Mr. Frank A. Repetto were the other patrons and patronesses.

The evening was enjoyed by everyone who attended, and proved to be one of the most successful affairs ever conducted by a graduating class.

### A WORD OF SYMPATHY

The editors of the RECORD wish to extend in the name of the faculty and pupils of the English High School an expression of their deepest sympathy to the parents of Joseph A. Tomasello, Jr., '33, and Milton Feldman, '35.

As members of our student body, both boys were greatly respected, not only by the boys who knew them, but by the faculty as well. Joseph A. Tomasello was elected class president at the first annual reunion, and was a student at Brown University at the time of his death in February. Milton Feldman rendered valuable service to the boys of the school in his work in the Lost and Found Department. He died after a brief illness of two days, of pneumonia on January 27, 1936.



MAJOR MEANIX.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that the students and faculty of English High School received the news that our popular drill instructor, Captain William H. Meanix, had been promoted to the rank of major.

At a special assembly in the drill hall, Mr. Downey pinned the insignia of rank, gold leaves, on the new major's uniform. Major Driscoll read the official order from the President which confirmed his appointment.

Major Meanix graduated from English High with the class of 1911. While in school he distinguished himself both in athletics and in scholarship. As captain of the Track Team, his running was commended by every sports writer in the state. As one of his classmates stated, "He was a one man track team; for when we couldn't afford to send the whole team to the meets, we sent Bill. He always brought home the bacon."

After graduating from English High, Major Meanix attended Harvard University, where he won further fame as a runner. Competing in the Olympic Games of 1920, held at Antwerp, Belgium, the major reached the peak of his athletic career.

With his promotion, English High enjoys the distinction of having two majors, since Major Driscoll has had that rank for some time. With two such fine men at the head of our Military Department, we can look forward to new achievements in this field. So, Good Luck, Major Meanix, and may your promotions continue.

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#### WASHINGTON'S ANCESTRAL HOME

One of the most prominent teachers in the English High School, Mr. Earl Benson of the English Department, has just published a very interesting article about Sulgrave Manor, English home of George Washington's ancestors. Vividly illustrated with many cuts, which show the beautiful architecture in detail, the article is as interesting to us all as it is appropriate for the month of February. The house is described minutely in an extremely simple style, which leaves no room for doubt in the mind of the reader as to what Mr.



Benson is bringing to his attention. The author is well known in our school as an authority on the history of England. Any boy whose family subscribes to that interesting magazine *Good Housekeeping* should be interested in this article by one of our teachers. Mr. Benson is to be congratulated for his fine piece of work on this interesting subject.

## The Pinkertons Visit New York

By ROBERT ROMANOW, '36

The "Grand Central" was just a mass of people with porters rushing back and forth with baggage, would-be passengers searching for a way to "elbow" themselves up to the ticket office, crying children, tearful good-byes, hasty reminders, and snatched parting embraces. All joined in creating a continuous and deafening roar that seemed natural to all except a pair of queer looking people who were pushing their way to the street. Of the two, the man was the most strangely dressed. He wore a pair of tight, shiny trousers that weren't on speaking terms with his shoes. His tight-fitting coat was of a different color, lacked length, and might have been more suitable as a vest. A wide straw hat completed the outfit and visibly proved beyond all doubt that the wearer was a farmer. His rather intelligent face might cause a bit of uncertainty; but as the old adage goes, "We're only sure of death and taxes," the latter being the greatest surety these days.

The woman was not so noticeably un-New Yorkish. Her rusty looking dress bordered far nearer her square, patent leather shoes than did her companion's pants to his "gun-boats." An old-fashioned bonnet, however, gave her a countrified appearance. Still, a man unaware of the insane and daily changing policies of fashion would find nothing conspicuous about the hat. The woman's face, not so much intelligent, as kind and sweet, looked around

bewilderedly, as they reached the outside of the station.

They had hardly stopped for a moment, when the farmer felt a tap on his shoulders. Turning, he confronted a genuine New Yorker, flashily dressed and smoking a big cigar, gazing at him in a friendly manner.

"Waal?" said the farmer, suspiciously.

"We welcome you to New York City," said the man with the cigar.

"And who be ye?"

"My dear, dear friends, I am a special representative of this great city, and my duty is to welcome and make happy any of the farming group that visit this fair city. May I present my secretary, Mr. Hinds; and I am, of course, Mr. Knowlton."

The farmer gazed distrustfully at the speaker and at his secretary, who looked much the same in appearance. "Oh—ye be sent by the city, be ye?" Then his eyes narrowed. "Waal, how did ye know we wuz farmin' folks? Tell me that."

The two New Yorkers looked at each other smilingly with a hint of hysterics. Then the secretary spoke up. "My dear people, one can easily tell a farmer by his honest eyes. The very minute Mr. Knowlton and I saw your charming wife, we knew that you were farming people."

The lady in the bonnet smiled sweetly at the speaker; and then turning to her husband, she said disapprovingly, "Ye be too distrustful,

Abner. These men be nice n'ough ta help us and ye acts suspicious. Shame on ye!"

"Now, Saree, you know what Eb Crocker tol' us 'bout fellars like this."

"Shursh your mouth, Abner Pinkerton! Mr. Knowlton, Abner and me'll be a whole lot gratified if ye gentlemen 'll take us to a fust rate hotel. Ye see, Abner and me, we ain't got but seven hun-red dollars, and we wanta stay here 'bout three weeks and see all the sights. Eb Crocker, he lives a mile down frum our place, he tol' us it costs a lot to stay here—so we brung all our money."

"Of course! Of course! I'm sure, Mrs. Pinkerton, that Mr. Hinds and I can make you very comfortable. Now, if you'll come right with us—"

For the next few days the Pinkertons had a marvelous time seeing the sights of New York, accompanied by their good friends, Mr. Knowlton and Mr. Hinds. Abner was bound to admit that his suspicions were foolish—for they didn't spend too much money. He had even bought Saree a box of sweets. On the morning of the Pinkertons' third day in the big city, the four friends were seated in Abner and Saree's room in an old-fashioned hotel on 37th Street. "You know, my friends," said Mr. Knowlton, "I've been thinking of all the money that you carry on you. It really isn't safe around here. Now, if I were you, I'd put that money in a good bank; and then when you need some, why, you could write out a check."

"Do ye think it safe ta put it in the bank, Mr. Knowlton?" asked Abner.

"Certainly!" interrupted Mr. Hinds. "Why, I have over a thousand dollars in the City Savings Bank—that's where you want to put it."

Saree and Abner were finally convinced that their friends were right; and thus under Mr. Knowlton's super-

vision the seven hundred dollars was safely deposited in the City Savings Bank. The next day the two friends did not appear until the late afternoon, and Mr. Knowlton was greatly agitated.

"Why, Mr. Knowlton, what can be the matter?" asked Saree, sympathetically.

"Oh—it's terrible, Mrs. Pinkerton, terrible! My little niece is deathly sick and she must be operated on immediately! But the doctor demands his money before the operation! 'vve been trying to get hold of my doctor all day—he has charge of all my money, but he's out of town—and poor little ah—er—Genevieve must be operated on tonight!"

"Why! I never heered of sich a thing," said Saree. "The poor leetle girl—but why can't they bring her to 'nother doctor, Mr. Knowlton?"

"Oh—no! They couldn't! Don't you see—he's the only doctor who could do it! If he'd only wait for the money! Why my lawyer will be back tomorrow or the next day—and I could pay the doctor easily then! Oh, I don't know what to do."

Then Abner brightened up. "Why can't Mr. Hinds lend it to you? He's got some money in the bank, ain't he?"

"What!—Who—ME give it to him?" shouted Mr. Hinds. "Oh—I've given him my money already for the doctor—but he needs more, ah—seven hundred dollars more—yes, that's what I did with my money."

"Yes, that's what he did with his money," echoed Mr. Knowlton, and then, "Oh, poor little Genevieve!"

Saree thought a moment, then she whispered in her husband's ear. Mr. Knowlton glanced up sharply for a second, and then started to moan, "Poor little Genevieve, poor little Genevieve!"

"Ah—Mr. Knowlton, do ye think that the doctor might do the opeeration if ye offered him a little bit less?" asked Abner.



"Oh—no, never," cried Mr. Knolton, "I offered him two hundred dollars and he absolutely refused! Oh, dear; that poor little girl."

"Then ye've got two hun'ed dollars?" said Abner.

"Ha?—Oh! Why, yes—but that's all I've got!"

"Waal, I tell ye, Saree and me 'll let ye have our money, calculatin' that ye'll be able ta pay us back tomorree or the next day. But we ain't got no cash; so if you give us the two hun'ed dollars that ye got, Saree 'll make ye a check fur seven hun-red dollars. We don' want nawthin' to happen to leetle Genevieve!"

Mr. Hinds glanced angrily at "little Genevieve's uncle," an action that escaped the notice of the Pinkertons. "Never mind, five hundred is better than nothing!" The "uncle" whispered savagely to Mr. Hinds. Aloud, he said, "That's wonderful of you, Mr. Pinkerton—and Mrs. Pinkerton, too. You don't know how I'll appreciate this—and it's all for little Genevieve! Yes—yes, now you sign the check right here, Mrs. Pinkerton—that's it, for seven hundred dollars. You'll get the five hundred back probably tomorrow or, at the latest, the next morning. I'm going right over to the doctor's—what—oh, I forgot. Well, here's the two hundred dollars. Thank you, again—Come, Mr. Hinds, we must hurry to the doctor's—good-bye folks!"

Somehow, I'm sure by accident, Mr.

Knolton and Mrs. Hinds arrived at the City Savings Bank instead of at the doctor's.

"Cash this check, please," Mr. Knolton said to the cashier. The latter disappeared for a moment, but quickly returned.

"I'm sorry, sir; but this check has no value. The entire account was withdrawn and closed this morning.

"What! Oh, you must be mistaken—why I'm sure tha—"

"I'm sorry, sir; but I'm quite certain. The account belonged to a certain Sarah Hippel Pinkerton."

The two men stared at each other in astonishment and then made a rush for the Pinkerton's hotel. As they sped into the lobby, a huge man blocked their path. "Are you visiting the Pinkertons?" he asked gruffly.

"Why, no—certainly not!" they chorused, as they perceived the shiny badge on the speaker's lapel.

"Oh, yes you are. You're the guys that brought them crooks here. I'm the house detective. Since they skipped, perhaps you can guess who's going to pay the hotel bill!"

And so, while the good Mr. Knolton and Mr. Hinds were two hundred dollars short, and under the influence of a house detective, the dear Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton had annexed two hundred dollars more, and were under the portals of the Grand Central Station, ready to enter New York once again.



## A Dancing I Did Go

By JOEL COHEN, '36

Brother, do you recall the first time you went to a dance? You certainly do. You made a mess of it. I almost did, too.

Here's how it all happened. I belong to a young men's organization and had been elected treasurer for the coming year. Our installation was to be held in two weeks. Now, unless you've been to a similar affair, you don't know what it's all about. First, there are the invited guests, the senior organizations and their auxiliaries, the junior chapters and their auxiliaries (nice girls, by the way). Second, the event takes place in an enormous hall, one large enough to give you a feeling of impending doom. Third, the dress is formal.

Well, let's get on with the story. The committee went ahead blithely and made ready for the dance which is part of the installation. They engaged a fine orchestra and made all of the necessary arrangements. "That's what you think!" But they didn't teach me how to dance.

There I was! Two weeks before an affair like that, and little Joel didn't know how to dance. Do you know what I did? I went home to mamma and said, "Mother."

"Yes, dear," came the fond reply.

"Let's swing it," said I.

Throughout two hectic weeks, filled with excitement, chaos, and confusion, I took up dancing and "continued the motions."

I went to "Ye Kollege Katerer" and proceeded to order a tuxedo, size forty-four, to be ready for a dance four days hence. Well, those four days passed like lightning on greased wheels and finally the night arrived.

The tuxedo, spick and span, was de-

livered to my door. I was unable to obtain the shoes with the outfit because "Ye Katerer" was unprepared to fill such a large order with anything but steam shovels. However, I did manage to pour my sylph-like being into my suit, stow the ritual into my pocket, and with many well-intentioned good-byes, I left the house. Down the stairs, into the car, and away to the hall I went like an elephant on a rampage.

Well, the installation proceeded, and, strangely enough, was completed without error. An intermission of fifteen minutes ensued, during which time *little* Joel wandered into the men's room and proceeded to review for the hundredth time his newly acquired dancing technique. In front of a *large sized* mirror I paraded myself in order to inspect my attire. I was grateful to see myself still looking like a million dollars in deflated currency. Brother, I was going out onto the floor, and I was going to kill them with my art. (Remind me of that statement some time, and I'll tell you a story.)

Well, I got onto that floor and looked about for a partner. The dance had already begun and all the girls were taken. Suddenly, I spied in a corner a young lady. She was a blonde, cute, and actually weighed about a hundred and two pounds. Down that hall I did gallop and slammed on the brakes in front of her.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss?" I asked.

"I'd be delighted," came the reply.

Without further ado, we stepped onto the floor and glided (?) away. The orchestra was playing a two-step, and I *tried* to follow the music. However, there were so many couples on the floor that I couldn't take two steps in

the same direction without bumping into some one of the many couples and receiving in return a "dirty" look.

Brother, I started to perspire; and when I perspire, I sweat. My feet felt like the anchors of a fleet; my shirt felt inclined to wilt, and it certainly followed its inclination; my collar suddenly turned down at the ends; and, altogether, I must have looked like a wet rag dragged through a roller.

Then a ghastly thought struck me. I had lost step with my partner. A red wave of humiliation and embarrassment swept up from my neck. For some unknown reason I glanced down at my partner and realized with a shock that she was as nervous as I. Then another thought struck me. Was she also a novice in this complicated field.

"Miss," I asked, "have you ever danced before?"

"No, this is my first attempt," came the blushing reply.

Brother, did you ever strike a bonanza? It's a glad and happy feeling that sweeps up from the toes. Well, that's the way I felt when I heard those words. Maybe I wasn't so bad after all? Maybe she wasn't bad either? Maybe we could get together and enjoy ourselves?

Well, that's just what we did. She let me lead, and she gracefully followed.

We danced, and we danced, and we danced. If I stepped on her toes, I was unaware of it; and what's more, I didn't care. Time simply flew by on the wings of night.

And when the affair was over, I said to myself, "Joel, *a-dancing you did go.*"

---

## "The Persimmon Tree"

By SHERMAN SPAULDING, '37

A Japanese puppet play under the supervision of Mr. Woodwell (309B) was presented to the Sophomore Class during the home-room period on Thursday, January 30, 1936. The play was operated by four students who were selected by Mr. Woodwell, having had previous experience with the manipulation of puppets.

The play, named "The Persimmon Tree," concerns a Japanese named Lord Toto, who was asked by his wife Lady Lotus Blossom, to seek a pink persimmon tree at the top of a mountain where men were said to have been devoured by a fearful dragon. Lord Toto finally consented after much discussion. His servants fled when the dragon was sighted at the top of the mountain, but Lord Toto remained, and after a dreadful fight, killed the

beast. Faint from the loss of blood, he fell at the feet of the dead monster. His wife sought him, thinking him dead; and after finding him she brought him home. After such an experience, Lord Toto was not as brave, nor was his wife so foolish as to ask such favors of her devoted husband.

The play was quite humorous and most enjoyable. One observing such a play would think the operations simple and quite easily done, but if one were to be behind the scenes, he would change his point of view and wonder how one person could operate the strings and do so many things at the same time. The puppets are suspended from a cross-shaped construction by eleven wire-like threads which are practically invisible to the audience. The manipulators must not only know



their lines, but they must also know when and where to put a certain stress on certain words and to produce this stress in the action of the puppets, as if the puppets were saying the words themselves. In other words, it requires a skilled person to express the lines, prevent the puppets from either floating or sagging, and talk out to the audience at the same time. Such skill can be acquired only by hours of rehearsing and much thought.

### THE E. H. S. FENCING CLUB .

The E. H. S. fencing team got off to a good start this season. When the call for members was sent out about thirty boys showed up for practice. Practice is held every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after school, outside room 308.

The team had its first match with the Peabody House team at the Peabody House. The English fencers took this match without much trouble, with Capt. Dawicki exhibiting some brilliant fencing. The team: Capt. Dawicki, Gianino, and Conliffe; Linn substituting. Score: E. H. S.—6, Peabody House—3.

After some extensive practice during the next week, the E. H. S. team faced stiffer opposition in Holy Trinity House. The contest was hard-fought throughout, with English coming out on top again, 5 to 4. The team: Capt. Dawicki, Gianino, and Golden. Trinity's instructor, we might add, was formerly the instructor of Joe Levis, the No. 1 ranking fencer of the United States.

On Wednesday, February 5, the English team fenced the fine Dorchester High team to a tie.

\* \* \*

Mary: How do I know you love me? I bet you lie to every girl.

Bud: Honest, kid, only to you!

The puppets were made by Mr. Woodwell, who spent much time in constructing them and in preparation of the stage, lighting effects, and the instructions given the boys.

The cast is as follows:

Lady Lotus Blossom.....William Shea  
Lord Toto.. Sherman Spaulding—311B  
First Palaquin Bearer.Arthur Nielsen  
Second Palaquin Bearer.....

Helmut Sulkorsky—311B

### ENTERTAINMENT

I must make a sally  
On the whining voice of Vallee,  
On the nonsense George and Gracie Allen  
spout;  
On the qualities, if any,  
Of the so-called wit of Benny,  
And the foolishness of dumb Joe Penner's  
shout.

I can never think of sparing  
The melodies of Waring,  
And the soothing qualities of Crosby's  
voice,  
The dizzy type of dottle  
From the lips of silly "Bottle,"  
The type of thing that makes some folks  
rejoice.

I couldn't think of losing  
Our good old friend Ted Husing,  
Whose sport comments assail us every  
night,  
Nor the funny type of banter  
Given us by Eddie Cantor,  
Or O'Keefe who, so they tell me, is a  
sight.

But remember, friends, in leaving.  
I'm not sincere in grieving;  
For although their qualities seem void and  
null,  
The efforts they are giving  
Tend to make the job of living  
A little happier and not so dull.

JAMES E. POWERS.

Seini: Waiter, never bring me a steak like this again!

Waiter: Why?

Seini: Well, it simply isn't done.

Claire: Your car is at the door.

Eddie: Yes, I hear it knocking.

\* \* \*

John: I had an awful fright last night.

Tom: Yes, I saw you with her.

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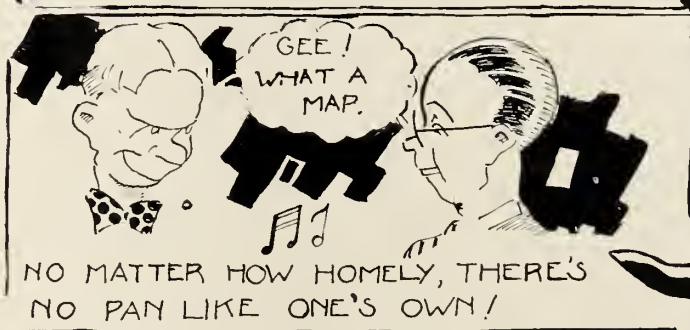
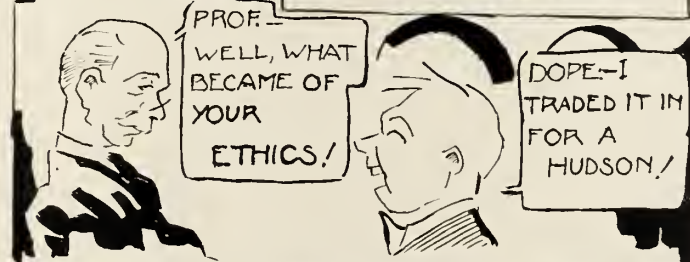
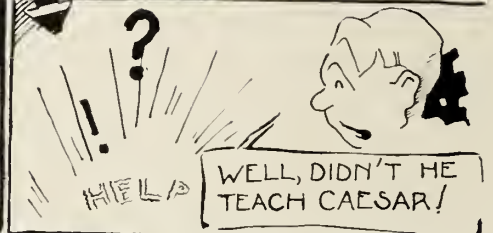
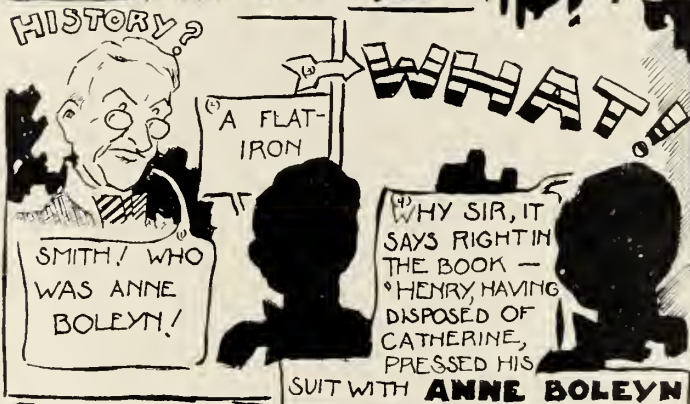
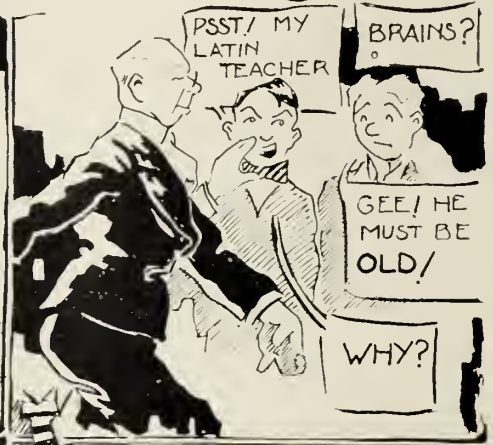
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° OUR COMIC(?)  
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# MURMURS





## The Dead Letter Office

By WILLIAM B. SEINIGER, '36

Mrs. Hepzibah Scutt,  
Coon Skin Holler,  
Noo Hampshir.

Deer Ant Hep:

Maw and Paw has got theirselves moved to th' cety all okay. We 'uns has got ourselves a right nice cabin on the far edge a th' cety. It's a plase called West Rocksbury an its almos' like Coon Skin Holler ceptin Coon Skin Holler gets dug out quicker arter a storm like the one we had las week.

Maw sez I got to go to school same as at home (shucks). They got lots a schools in Boston but Paw sez I got to go to a school called English High School, see'in as thats where he went to up until he came north and married Maw. They ain't got no school bus like the kids up to the Holler has. They got a funny contrapshun to pay money, but its not worth it.

Th' fust day ah went to school it took me an hour an a haf a'goin that a-ways so now ah walks. Th' fust day ah asks where to is th' English High School an a sheriff sez "turn aroun buddy an yoo'll see it. Ah tells him my name is Abner an not Buddy, but sure enuff ah turns aroun' an there it is. Ah wen in an gosh-all-specklefish! It look jus' like th' cety hall over to Lisbon. All statshoos, an marble, an pitchers, an everthin' ceptinits much much bigger. Wen ah went there, ah wuz afeard them slick cety fellars ud think ah wuz a hick; with ma suit as is kind a small an everthin an me red stokins an favorit fishin hat (th' one with all th' purty fishin hooks an flies stuck in it), but no such thing. They was dressed th' same way b'gosh. These cety kids is reel democrative, they is.

Things is different heer. Sted a setin

all in one room an havin oney one teacher they got so meny it looks like a hotel. Th' fust day ah brot ma dinnah pale but theys got a restrant so ah sole mah dinnah pale to a dum lookin critter they calls a seenyor fer three dollars. (Ah don't mean th' one yoo gimme for Crismas but th' one ah swapped Hiram ma no-good fishin' line fer.)

Ah gess been Volinteer Fireman up home has got in ma blood. Theys always ringin bells around here. Gosh dang it! En histry clas ah heers a bell ringin an ah jumps up quik an yells "Every man grab hiself a buket." They all laffs at me an Mr. Phelps (thet's ma histry teacher) gets his dander up. This happens at least too or three times that day, so ah gets wise an don't do it no more. Long bout haf past too th' bell rings agin; but ah jes sets where ah be. Fore ah can ketch ma brath th' hole kit and kaboodle of em jumps up an rushes fer th' door. Ah gets knocked plum out a ma seet an about 20 a them cety fellas steps right on me a' tryin to git to th' door fust off. Ah desides its reely a fire this time an piks ma self up, dusts ma self off, an runs out into th' hall. Ah grabs maself a buket o' water a hangin there an yells "Where to is th' conflagrashun?" but they isn't nobody aroun'. Th' hole gosh durned building's as empty as Si's 'tater bin.

Theys had a dance at a reel hotel which they calls a prom. Th' dance ah mean. Not th' hotel. Well, luckly paw has brot his soup-an-fish with him (Th' one he bot th' time he ran fer Marshal fo th' Injun Territories) an so ah borrows it an goes to th' prom. Th' prom is goin kinda slow till ah gets me a gal an gets on th' floor. Lots of

th' boys is a'havin a hard time, cos th' floor is awful slippery; an every once an awhile sum stepper slips an falls down an messes hiself all up. But ah got on ma spike boots so ah don't have no tronble a'tall. A seenyor named Spinelli starts showin' th' boys an gals th' Rumba an Th' truckin' (Them's noo dances wich ah'll show yoo wen ah gets home fer the holidays.) He's purty good, but to start th' party a'goin ah grabs ma self a gal an starts doin th' Cake Walk, the Polka, th' Skware dance, an th' Shuffle. Gosh-all-hem-lock! That makes em sit up an take notiss. Someone yells, "Hey! There's a guy a doin' some noo steps. Boy! will ya look at him go?" Then they all starts a tryin' it. Cin you keep yor'self a secret? Promise? Well, ah din't get home till one o'clock th' next morning ah gess. Anyhow paw wuz snorin so loud he din't even hear me come in, even tho ah tripped over th' cat an fell down th' cellar stairs!

Twice a week in school we all play

#### LEAP YEAR

I walked along a dismal street  
In fear and trepidation.  
I heard the thud of many feet;  
I gave an exclamation.

I heard a sweet voice whisper low,  
"I fear he's just a phoney,  
But hurry girls, don't be so slow,  
We must have matrimony."

They caught me there, before I ran,  
Weary, weak, and harried;  
And I awoke, a beaten man,  
To find I'd just been married.

So take this moral from my tale,  
And keep it, children dear.  
Just get yourselves locked safe in jail  
Throughout the next **Leap Year**.

James E. Powers.

The Girl Next Door: Little boy, I need some stationery. Could you go for me?

Little Boy: No, but I heard pop say he could!

soljers an a man named Major Driscoll an another named Majer Meanix plays with us. Paw sez as it ud be plum sin an foolishness to by a yewniform wen he got one so he give me his old Spanish War yewniform. It don't match the other kid's yewniforms at all an anyway ah is always bustin up th' drill formatshuns so Majer Driscoll ups and makes me a lieutenant. He says as my blue-gray yewniform ud look mighty purty at Prize Drill if thar war ony more of it. Any who ah'm now a loot-nenat Paw sez he can't understand it. He never got to be more'n a corporal in th' thirty years he was there.

Write soon an tell me all about Coon Skin Holler.

Luv,

ABNER.

P. S.—Yoo'll find my report card inside th' Seer's Rowbuck catalog ah'm sending yoo. Fer Hevvin's sake burn it wen yoo get thru readin it.

ABNER.

#### THE WANDERER'S SONG

The lure of far-off ports,  
The smell of briny sea,  
The siege of desert forts,  
The breath of Life to me

For I must sail the seas,  
And roam the deserts wide;  
I cannot walk the leas  
Of the quiet countryside.

The roar of mammoth guns.  
The songs of roamers free,  
The heat of burning suns—  
The breath of Life to me.

#### REPLY OF THE CONTENTED MAN

You may have your oceans wide,  
Your deserts brown and sere;  
Give me the wooded countryside.  
The home of fawn and deer.

For there a man may live in peace,  
In jollity and mirth,  
All worldly troubles for him cease,  
He hath the good brown earth.

And you may wander far and wide,  
And search adventures new,  
But here at home I'll calmly bide  
My lot, I'll never rue.

James E. Powers.

## Cruising the Corridors

A few of you fellows were kind enough to mention this column as a little better than it used to be, so here it is again . . . . At last the Prom is over; and for once everybody agrees that it was one swell evening . . . . Congratulations to Mark Devlin for the ultra nice job he did as chairman of the dance committee . . . . As Charlie McPhail's escort, Miss Betty Farrell can now be known as the "First Lady" of English High . . . . Did you notice that we gave the right dope on Jackie Daly's preference for dear old Newton . . . . Eddie Foley believes in economy, he stole enough sugar cubes from Bob Berger's to last his mother for many moons . . . . Don't let Johnnie Powers tell you he's a misogynist (woman hater to you) . . . . he showed up at the Prom with . . . . "Was It a Dream?" . . . . Don Cladlin and Bill Barrett of last year's class were present . . . . Charlie McJhail certainly started something when he sang, *The Music Goes Round and Round* . . . . Did you happen to notice the piano player in the orchestra? He may be small, but what a man? . . . . he's quarter back on his school football team, editor-in-chief of his school paper, and president of his class at some prep school or other, I don't remember exactly where. Can he tickle the ivories? . . . . Gussie Sullivan seemed to be getting along all right . . . . Billy Brown and Frank Powers astounded an interested audience, composed of one floor washer, two truck drivers, and a hairy man, by strolling into a White Tower establishment with their escorts . . . . (some fun, I'll say) . . . . It looks as though the old Stove League is beginning to sit up and start thinking about taking a trip down South with the Sox and the Bees . . . . Speaking of the Bees, let us hope that none of the Boston fans get stung (P. S.—Joke) . . . . One of the boys attached to the Lost and Found Department states that his father has hay fever so bad that he even sneezes every time he passes a grass widow . . . . Well, that's too bad . . . . Billy Schmidt's motto seems to be, "Be careful what you say about South Boston" . . . . Gerard Cook plays a very hot horn up in the orchestra . . . . That win in the Eastern Seaboard Carnival certainly proved the worth of our one lap relay team. After beating Latin and Memorial in easy fashion, a special race had to be run off against Brockton . . . . Andy Scala, Fred Leahy, John Powers, and Joe Hegarty are the speedsters who comprised the team . . . . Alas and a lack of words, writing a column is no fun . . . . Mr. Phelps, in an H4 class, was discussing the attitude of two Presidential candidates in the election of 1908. When he finished, he conducted a questionnaire asking each boy whom he would have voted for and why . . . . "Now, whom would you have voted for, Zographos?" he asked. Zographos awakened long enough to remark, "I'm not old enough to vote yet, sir; so I don't have to worry" . . . . Needless to say his brilliance amazed the class . . . . "Baseball Joe and His Championship Team" will be heard from soon . . . . Who is the aspiring author who has been editing the



E. H. S. "Tattler" which appears on the Band Bulletin Board emmerently?  
 . . . . A short article, "How to Become a Six-Footer," will be published soon by William Wayland Paul . . . . Algernon Harris, red-headed hero of West Roxbury, furnished the peaceable folk of Jamaica Plain with a topic for conversation that other night when he appeared along the main stem dressed fetchingly in a Panama hat, an oversize pair of pants, and someone else's overcoat . . . . They're still wondering if it was their eyesight or the truth . . . . There is one problem that still bothers us do you prefer your RECORD high-hat or low-brow? . . . . We seniors only have a couple of more months left around the old school, so we might as well make them enjoyable . . . . Support all of your class activities . . . . Well, there goes that bell again! I have just time enough to get down to History, so I'll be seein' ya!

J. E. P.

## *School Notes*

### CHEMISTRY CLUB

The E. H. S. Chemistry Club made an enjoyable, educational field trip to the Lever Brothers' plant in Cambridge on Tuesday, January 28. The members witnessed a most interesting and well-regulated process of the manufacture and packing of various soap products. On Tuesday, February 11, experiment and round table discussion of the analysis of water was made in Room 341. Meetings are held every second Tuesday in Room 341, and everyone is welcome.

### PARENTS' VISITING DAY

More than eight hundred parents thronged to our school to make the annual Parents' Visiting Day a huge success. The parents visited the classrooms, where they were shown actual class conditions and met the teachers in charge. Afterwards they went up to the assembly hall to witness the splendid program presented for them. Mr. Reed of the Latin and German departments delivered a welcoming speech, and Francis Lyons rendered the vocal numbers. The parents were delighted by the courtesy shown them by all of the boys in general and the cadet officers in particular.

### MILITARY NOTES

After getting away to a late start, the companies are rapidly getting tuned up for Prize Drill. A great exhibition was put on for the parents on visiting day. The cadet captains have already drawn for places in Prize Drill in April. Not so far off, either, when you figure drill is only twice a week. Probably the big event last month was the promotion of Major Meanix. Incidentally, what other Boston school can boast of two Majors?

### MATH CLUB

The Man Alpha Theta Club of English High is the only Math Club in the state to concern itself with a practical interest in higher forms of mathematics. This club is also the only group in the school to receive pins for excellence in research work. A yearly project, namely, the measuring and graphing of the school towers, has been completed to the entire satisfaction of the club and the faculty adviser. Several other projects are nearing completion for the Spring Meeting.

## The Coming of Diddier

By WILLIAM B. SEINIGER, '36

Diddier was the entest, prettiest little boy in Johnstown—and he knew it. Diddier was the most mischievious, destructive little brat in the world—and Johnstown knew it. He had moved to Johnstown at the tender age of six, or rather his mother had moved him there. His very first day in town was characteristic of all of his days in town up until the night of the Benson-McGee fight.

The first morning he went out to play, Mrs. Peabody stopped to chuck him under the chin; and Diddier chucked his little fist into her eye. Mrs. Peabody had a hard time explaining the black eye that she sported for the next two weeks. At eleven o'clock, Schultz's grocery truck stopped to deliver some milk and some things to make little boys like Diddier grow big and strong. A little boy like Diddier (very much like Diddier) drove two or three nails into the wagon's tires and ran around the corner to hide, leaving his father's hammer where it lay. At two o'clock he tried his new sling shot on Mason's plate glass window. It worked fine, and he clapped his hands with glee at the sound of the tinkling glass. At five o'clock he wandered down to the next corner and tripped the dump lever on a coal truck which was waiting for the green light. Traffic was tied up for almost an hour as the coal man worked and sweated to restore the coal to the truck. At seven o'clock he went to bed and Johnstown breathed a sigh of relief.

The next morning Diddier was up bright and early to terrify the neighborhood. Upon reaching the street, he found a short piece of rope and proceeded to play with it. Mrs. Gabby was looking from her parlor window

(as usual) and mentioned to her husband that if Diddier were given enough rope he might hang himself with it. Diddier hung her cat instead. From then on the day was highly satisfactory *to him*. Thus it went on until Johnstown was about ready to organize the vigilantes. Diddier was sent to school and Johnstown smirked and said that Miss Jones would *fix him*. At the end of a month *Miss Jones* had a nervous breakdown and Diddier remained unfixed. His mother engaged six governesses, one after the other. Each left a little more damaged than the preceding one.

Then it happened. A boxer was coming to town to fight in the Annual Charity Boxing Exhibition. His name was James "Diddier" McGee. The night before the fight his manager and a newspaper man were walking down young Diddier's street and the two of them stopped to talk outside of Diddier's window before parting.

"Well," said the manager, "they can say what they like about Diddier (talking about the fighter), but I'm for him. He may do this and he may do that; but he's a man, and as a man I'm putting my trust in him."

"Yeh!" scoffed the newspaper man. "Well, we'll see from now on how much of a man he is."

That was all there was to it. Diddier reformed. He went to sleep, age six years, one month. He woke up the next morning age six years, one month, one day—A man!

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Tea's all right,  
But it takes more  
To recite "The Face  
On the Bar-room Floor."

## Track

### ENGLISH VS. MEMORIAL VS. COMMERCE

Lacking power in only Class C, English with 171 points swept before them the powerful Memorial team, which provided stiff competition to earn 131½ points. Commerce, never a promising factor, finished with 16½.

Memorial offered much competition in the dashes and hurdles; such stars as John and Tom Powers, Reggie Benn, Rupert Leonard, and Tom Gallagher being forced to accept one of the three lesser positions. Ralph Ryan, our champion in the A3, was defeated in a thrilling race by Russ Singleton. Russ got the first corner, and although Ralph tried hard, he was forced to swallow the dust of the lanky colored flyer. Ralph, however, turned the tables the next day when he defeated Russ in the high jump, although he had to clear 5' 11" before eliminating his major opponent.

Capt. Finbar Sullivan, closely followed by Andy Scala, won the A dash in the fast time of 5 4-5. Fritz Leahy had no trouble defeating his opponents in the A hurdles, nor did Mark Devlin in the 600. Charley Moore, running a great race, defeated his teammate, Sullivan, in the B 600. Jim McConnaugue was beaten in a fast 1000 by Phil Smith (M). The lead changed hands several times, the last time being not more than 15 yards from the tape. George Melaugh, who was followed by Joe Sackowitz, featured the B 300.

The Class D running events were all English; Dick Olson, trying hard for the record in the 220, left the rest of the field far behind. His effort fell short of the record by 2-5 of a second. This record has stood for over 18 years, and therefore is a mark worth shooting

at. Olson scored another first the next day in the broad jump with a leap of 9 feet. Bush, Sweeny and Ardolino were other winners in D.

R. BLACKWELL.

### EASTERN SEABOARD RELAY

When the Boston Athletic Association went on the rocks, it found that it could afford to conduct their annual B. A. A. track meet February 8 at night. Unfortunately, it decided it would be without sufficient funds to hold the B. A. A. interscholastic meet the same afternoon. However, the Boston sports writers came to the rescue of high school track enthusiasts and organized what shall be known henceforth as the Eastern Seaboard Relay Championships. The schools were classified into three divisions: Prep Schools, Class A High Schools, and Class B High Schools. Each class had the same event first: A one-lap relay team, each speedster circling the soft pine boards once before delivering the baton to his teammate. The next event was the two-lap relay team. In this event the spiked shoe artists flew around the oval twice, or slightly less than three hundred yards, before relinquishing the timber to the next runner. The medley relay teams comprised the next event. The first athlete ran three laps, or four hundred and forty yards before giving the stick up to the second man, who tore up the splinters for two laps before the one-lap contestant carried on. This worthy individual completed his part of the task at hand, and a half-miler ran the next eight hundred and eighty yards to complete the last lap of the mile for his fellow teammates.

The Blue and Blue speedsters made a formidable bid to capture the Class A



team trophy, and a handful of medals. The one-lap team of Scala, Leahy, Powers, and Hegarty defeated their rivals from Latin School to tie for top honors with Brockton High School. At the conclusion of the meet English and Brockton were matched, and the Blue and Blue captured the first place award by two yards. The two-lap team, composed of Capt. Sullivan, Olsen, Devlin, and Ryan defeated the purple and white to gain second place, by time, to a sensational Newton High quartette. The medley team ran against Latin's very best, and although giving a good account of themselves, Hall, Melaugh, Leonard, and Carmichael lost to Latin. This gave our fleet-footed athletes a third place tie in the final summary.

#### ENGLISH VS. MECHANICS VS. DORCHESTER

In a thrilling exhibition of speed and power our canvas-footed athletes ran, jumped, and heaved their way to a victory over M. A. H. S. and D. H. S. The running events took place at the East Armory on Thursday, January 30.

In Class A, the Blue and Blue speedsters captured first place in every event, and more than their share of seconds, thirds, and fourths.

McConologue won a thrilling victory in the 1000, and Carmichael ran second, beating the Blue and Blue entry to the finish in the final stretch sprint. Mark Devlin was out in front all the way to win the 600 from Hoar of Mechanics, who was unable to meet Devlin's last lap kick. Ryan "flashed" his way to an easy victory in the 300. Leahy followed suit in the 50 yard hurdles, and Capt. Sullivan and Andy Scala ran their usual shoulder to shoulder battle in the 50 yard dash. Sullivan won and equalled the "Reggie" record 5 4-5.

In Class B, Malone ran a thrilling 600. Malone took English High's sophomore flash in the gun lap to win and give the Red and Black five points. J. Sullivan and Oliva finished in that order. The three hundred, due to clever maneuvering, had five English runners against one M. A. H. S. finalist. The colored flash from Mechanics ran beautifully to win in the last thirty yards Melaugh, Heggarty, and Peacock also garnered points. In the 50 yard dash, O'Brien, Leonard, and Stevenson of English finished 1-2-3. The Class C 440 was a pip. Hall, a blue clad speedster, ran a good race to win by a small margin from a plucky artisan named Sieler, in fast time.

Tom Gallagher and "Feet" Bianchi ran 1-3 in the hurdles, and Mahoney of English ran second in the twenty.

Coach Ohrenberger was delighted with Chet Bush, his lanky freshman hurdler, who equalled the "Reggie" Class D record. This boy is coming fast, and should break the record easily. Adaleno won the fifty in 6 1-5 and shows lots of promise.

Dick Olson had no trouble winning his two-twenty yard specialty in 26 seconds flat. That's real speed!

The field events took place on Friday, and the Blue and Blue margin came far from being washed out.

Mantos won the Class A heave with the heavy ball. Ryan added five points to the total, winning the Class A high jump. Thonopoulos won the Class B stick jumping event and Blackwell took "show money." Hall added five with a victory in the Class C broad jump. Jacobs of E. H. S. was the best high jumper in the same class and division. Bianchi was the ace shot putter.

## Revenge Is Sweet

By JAMES E. POWERS, '36

A warm sun beat down on the campus of Stanton University, warming a straggling few who walked lazily between the elms. Spring was here, bringing new life to some, spring fever to others, and to a few like Joe Sanderson just a pain in the neck. Joe was a little fellow, just over five feet tall, with a mass of freckles, a snub nose, a shock of wavy brown hair and a smile that would have made Cleopatra look like a third-rate snake charmer. Just now, he was steeped in bitter thoughts as he trudged along towards his dormitory. Back in the English Lit. class he had just pulled a boner in trying to bluff old Professor Johnson, the most sarcastic of *all* college professors, bar none. "Pop," as he was known among the students, had asked him who Shakespeare was; and Joe, who had been dreaming, had told him that he played football for Notre Dame. And to top it all off, Jean Stearns had laughed. Yes, sir; when a fellow's girl laughed at him, things were getting pretty bad.

"Well, I'll fix that old coot," he muttered, as he went into his room and slammed the door.

From that day on, a perpetual battle was waged between Pop and Joe; and honors were generally about even. When Pop was blandly sarcastic, Joe was densely stupid; and when Pop was dull and tired, Joe was wide awake and so eager for knowledge that he almost drove the old professor out of his mind trying to answer his questions. Pop was a stickler for precise pronunciation; and so all during his class, Joe throttled verbs, assaulted nouns, and in general, murdered the King's English.

The payoff to the whole performance came one day when Pop, entering more

softly than he was wont to do, surprised Joe in the act of bouncing "Thoughts in English Prose," a rather weighty volume, off the head of Freddie Lake, three rows over. Bestowing a benevolent smile on his prospective victim, Pop shut the door and prepared to do his worst.

Like most teachers, he had a peculiar mannerism. Whenever Pop felt particularly good, he had a habit of sweeping his hand over his bald head and down over his face, while he delivered a particularly vituperative speech to some unfortunate fellow. Young Eddie Stone, the college mimic, had once reduced a chapel meeting to helplessness with a lifelike imitation of this peculiarity.

Seating himself at his desk, Pop began to formulate his ideas. "H-m-m, a very interesting spectacle you present, Mr. Sanderson," he said, indulging in his favorite mannerism unconsciously." (A gale of laughter greeted his remark. He looked mildly surprised, for his attempts at humor usually left his classes cold.) "I might say, Mr. Sanderson, that you present the funniest sight that I have seen in years." (Again laughter swept over the class, laughter which seemed immoderate in proportion to the wit of the remark.)

"Indeed," said Pop, "you act like a high school boy. Your friends may well smile, sir, at the spectacle you present." (Cheers and laughter.) "So serene in your self-assurance and supreme in your self-conceit, you commit your misdeeds publicly. With what result? Pride takes a fall, sir! If you could only see yourself! The ludicrous exhibition you make of yourself!"

This time his audience became so

mirthful that Pop became uneasy, suspecting something. Suddenly the awful truth struck him as he glanced at the paper on his desk. Outlined in red lay numerous perfect impressions of his hand. The now-frenzied class was regaled with the unusual sight of a professor vainly endeavoring to examine the end of his own nose!

Just then as fate would have it, the Dean, attracted by the unusual merriment stalked into the room. He beheld fifty boys and girls in various stages of merriment, draped across desks, rolling in the aisles, laughing at the apparition which confronted them at the

desk. Pop sat there, white teeth gnashing, in helpless fury—staring at the Dean from a face which was colored a brilliant vermilion.

Joe had covered the door knob with ronge and Pop's favorite mannerism had done the rest . . . Pop took a train for points west that night. Of course, Joe was reprimanded, but what was a reprimand?

Thus came about the revenge of little Joe Sanderson and just to be mean, we are going to tell you the moral of this tale. (It's for teachers only.) Lay off fellows like Joe Sanderson, because Revenge is Sweet!

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## III Wind

By JOHN DE PICCOLELLIS

They called him "Rap" Valenti, but he had never taken a rap. He had become a Big Shot by different ways and methods than most gangsters. Rap was a schemer; the architect of a thousand devices to wheedle money from a willing world. And because he was a schemer and an architect of a thousand devices to wheedle money from a willing world, some three weeks before this story opens he had taken a room with the Mulligan's—in the Sixties. Mr. Mulligan was a patrolman at a downtown station; Mrs.—"Ma"—Mulligan prided herself upon the respectability of the boarding house she ran in the aforementioned Sixties.

Ingratiatingly, Rap wheedled himself into "Ma" Mulligan's heart; this was easy—for Rap was clever. Supposed to be a struggling author—he never forgot to come home with a bunch of flowers, or a box of candy for "Ma." When she remonstrated, he laughed at her: "It'll bring me luck, 'Ma'." And "Ma" had agreed with

him, while in her heart she berated the unfeeling publishers who refused his work. All this for Rap was but a means to an end—the end in question being the hold-up of Shreeve's Diamond Shoppe in Maiden Lane, where the famous Carlyle emerald—valued at half a million dollars—was on display.

Every last detail had been carefully worked out by Rap and his gang. There was no chance of—could not be—a slip up. The officers on the beat had been carefully timed so they would be at the extreme ends of the Lane when Rap and the gang swooped down on the emerald. Then once in possession of the stone, the gang would roar off in a high-powered car in one direction, while Rap slipped around the corner with the emerald and made his way back to "Ma" Mulligan. He laughed to himself. While the New York police were combing the city for him, he would be lying low in "Ma" Mulligan's, a bit under the weather from a slight cold—and, as "Ma" would grimly add—"the disappointments he's



had, poor lad from thim unfeelin' iditors."

And on June 19th, the extras screamed out to a startled world that the Carlyle emerald had been stolen. There was no clue left by the daring gang who committed the hold-up. No witnesses had seen any of the gangsters, so quickly had it all happened. And in the detective department—grim faced men went through police records for a like crime and perhaps a clue to the perpetrators of this latest outrage.

Back in "Ma" Mulligan's, Rap laughed to himself, as he viewed an ornate tobacco jar on the table, wherein, carefully hidden in tobacco, the Carlyle emerald reposed. Sweet job! And they had nothing on him. He even went so far as to say this to himself when a detective squad walked in on him one morning some three days after the robbery, brushing aside "Ma" Mulligan's protests to "leave a sick lad alone, and "Pa" Mulligan would hear of this, and detectives or no detectives, they'd hear more of it, too."

"Like to walk down to headquarters with us?" they questioned, "or be dragged?"

Rap smile at them. "You got nothing on me," he said, "and I don't scare."

"No? Take a good look at this," said one of the detectives, holding out a picture to him. "Ever see this mug before? If my eyes aren't going back on me, I'd say it looks a lot like you. Ever see this street before? If my eyes aren't going back on me again,, I'd say it was the corner near Shreeve's Diamond Shoppe. And it was taken on the morning of the hold-up. But even more interesting than that, it was taken about two minutes after the hold-up. Putting two and two together, we sort of figured that you were

running away from Shreeves. And we sort of figured the emerald might be—oh, say, in your pocket, or somewhere. It wasn't hard for us to find you. The little cripple that runs the Flower and Candy Shoppe where you drop in every day, tipped us off to where you were. You wouldn't remember him; but once, oh, about ten years ago, he was a member of the force—until gangster bullets crippled him, and he retired to the Flower and Candy Shoppe."

Rap's face was livid. "You . . . how did you get that picture . . .?"

"Oh, that? Did you ever see the Candid Cameraman?—the chap who goes about with a small camera, snapping your picture as you come along? He gives you a card with a number on it, and for a quarter they finish three pictures for you. He's a smart number too. Figured you were in an awful hurry, so he snapped you. You were in such a hurry, he didn't get a chance to give you your card and number for the pictures. He gave it to us when we barged around the corner a few minutes later and told him of the hold-up and asked him if he had seen any suspicious characters about. Come along, Rap. After all, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. This ought to make me a detective-sergeant—because I see one of the boys has just fished the emerald out of that tobacco jar. Stupid place, Rap. Thought you were cleverer than that. Haven't you read in detective novels how the crook is always hiding things in jars of some sort? Yes looks as if I'd be detective-sergeant." He considered carefully. "Looks as if *you'll* get twenty years."

Pop: What are the young man's intentions?

Sweet Sue: Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark!



1. The School Octet. 2. Swords at Sunrise. 3. The Masterminds. 4. Current Events Club Trio. 5. Shades of Priestley. 6. Little Joel. 7. Current Events Club. 8. Yeah—Physics! 9. Touche!

## Many An Eye Has Danced To See

By WILLIAM B. SEINIGER, '36

From: Commandant's Office,

Base Station,

Honolulu Harbor,

To: U. S. S. Nevada,

Capt. R. E. Fitz.

Subject: New Junior Exec. Officer:

Return to base station to pick up your new Junior Exec. Officer stop Missed ship stop After returning to pick up officer resume voyage to San Diego for Navy Day Exercises stop You will have to reach San Diego as per schedule.

Signed: Admiral T. J. Williams,

Commandant.

Upon receipt of the above message, the Old Man gave the order to Slow, set a course for S.W. by W., and broke out in the most artistic profanity I have ever heard. My station was on the Bridge by the engine-room telegraph, so I heard plenty. He shook the paper in my face and roared, "That blankety-blank so— and —so! That nincompoop! We left before we arrived, did we? And now we've got to go all the way back and get *him*, eh? All the way to Honolulu! A hundred and fifty miles for that blankety-blank-blank!!! And we've got to make San Diego on time. Why, the—" Luckily, he was relieved at this point by Lieut. Robins, and the rest of his tirade was postponed until later. Nor was the Old Man the only one who was frothing at the mouth. The engine room gang were discussing Junior Exec. Wilson (for such proved to be his name) in no uncertain language. The delay would mean extra work and two extra watches for both crews. So, you can see Wilson was not destined to receive any too cordial a welcome, although missing the ship was not his fault. He'd come all the way to Honolulu to

join our outfit; and before he could reach port, we'd been ordered home for the Navy Day exercises. That's the way with the Navy. Always shifting a guy around. Anyway, to save time, we catapulted a plane from the deck; and Driscoll, the flight lieutenant, flew on ahead of us, landed at Honolulu, picked up Wilson, and flew back to meet us, thus saving considerable time.

Late the next morning we picked up the plane with Driscoll and his passenger, and headed for the U. S. A. under forced draft. That guy Wilson must have thought he'd joined the fire department. The trip across was none too pleasant for any of us, let alone Wilson. We ran into plenty of dirty weather off the coast, and those mountainous waves seemed bent on holding us back and tossing us around in great shape. Wilson, being the Junior Exec., rated an orderly, so Fox was assigned to him. He made the mistake of bawling Fox out right off the bat.

On about the third day out, Fox was passing Wilson's cabin and the door was standing open. What he sees gives him great joy. It seems that Wilson was married, and his loving wife has picked a nice warm pair of red flannels for hubby, and what's more, hubby has been wearing them during this last nasty blow we had. The flannels were lying on the bunk and the cabin was empty.

Unable to resist the temptation, Fox reached in the door and grabbed them. Hurrying off to mess, he exhibited his prize to the gang. They all had a great laugh, especially the engine room gang, and Wilson was dubbed "Captain Flannel-britches." Putting them back wasn't so easy, though. Fox hung



around the cabin door plenty, but he couldn't seem to get the opportunity to return them unobserved. That night, after being relieved, Wilson discovered the loss, and there's h—— to pay. By this time Fox was plenty scared . . .

Whenever a large naval vessel enters a harbor on an important occasion such as Navy Day, all signal flags and pennants are run up on the halyards for display. On account of the dirty weather we'd been having, the necessary inspection of them couldn't be done on the signal tower, but the flags were brought down to the foc'stl and laid out on the deck to be inspected and strung together. Each pennant or flag is folded and clipped to a halyard. Then the next pennant is folded on top of it and clipped to the same halyard, and so on until the entire code is ready to be carried up to the signal bridge. When the ship enters the harbor, the lead is clipped to the signal halyard, and when this is hoisted the whole code unfolds and is run up to the trucks. Well, the next day as we get off San Diego, Fox is still trying to return the red flannels. As he passed the foc'stle he heard Wilson coming up the 4b companion way. He began to get panicky, but he noticed a pile of half strung pennants lying on the deck where a signalman had laid them down. Quick as a flash he stooped over them, and, placing the flannels on top of the pile, he starts clipping the button holes to the halyard like he was fastening a pennant on. Wilson doesn't notice what he's doing, but he does notice Fox. Stopping, he spoke to Fox. "Aren't you supposed to be on the bridge now?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Fox, "I was just going up."

"Well, come along, then," said Wilson, and poor Fox was dragged off, leaving the flannels there; but he

wasn't worrying, because Wilson couldn't blame the theft on him now.

At 10.15, right on time, we hove to at our anchorage and all hands were piped on deck. The Old Man, Wilson, and Robins were pacing the deck, as they prepared for full dress inspection. All the crew lines up in formation when "Sparks" marched up to the Old Man and hands him a paper. First the Old Man turns red and then purple.

He hands the paper to Wilson, who as Junior Exec. reads all announcements and reports, and tells him to read it aloud. Slowly Wilson read:

From: Flagship U. S. S. Colorado,  
San Diego Harbor.

To: U. S. S. Nevada,  
Capt. R. E. Fitz.

In Command.

Subject: Appearance of ship.

This is Navy Day stop Not Wash Day stop Kindly remove all laundry from your halyards.

Signed: Rear Admiral Gibbors,  
Flagship Commander.

All necks craned upwards to see what was on our halyards. There, amongst the colorful pennants, whipping in the breeze, were Wilson's red flannels, shamelessly dancing and ballooning with every gust of wind.

#### — AH, WILDERNESS—

'Tis not by my election,  
That I'm writing this selection.  
Nor to present it to the students' scornful  
gaze.

'Tis not upon my doing,  
That I'm engaged in wooing.  
The Muses for a striking word or phrase,  
'Tis merely my misfortune,  
That you're reading this distortion.  
Of the facts which are attendant on my  
case.

'Tis not due to my pleading,  
That this verse of mine you're reading  
At this, or any other, time or place—  
I'm not feeling very cheerful,  
On the contrary I'm tearful.  
As I sit and mutter in this shady nook—  
'Tis the eye of Mr. Scheffy,  
That has finally upset me—  
For I came into his class without a book!

JAMES E. POWERS.

## Baseball

By JOSEPH AIERN

Of all the sports which draw the big money today, that which has the most allure is baseball. Baseball attracts every red-blooded boy and man, and lately, largely because of the introduction of Ladies' Day throughout the country, it has been a feature attraction for many women.

In baseball the ability to make decisions quickly and to co-operate with team mates and coach is the fundamental requirement. The major leagues in recent years have realized that there are boys in the local schoolboy ranks with major league ability, boys who have in former years been lost in the shuffle of training camps. English High School is proud to have among her sons, one Vito Tamulis, who entered professional baseball to achieve a remarkable success. Tamulis, while at English High, aided the Blue and Blue to achieve state championships several times. There are other former E. H. S. baseball players who have made good, but as yet have not made the big league grade.

In this group is Bill Timmons, the snappy quarterback and all scholastic third baseman of three seasons ago. At present he is with a minor league team, but before long he'll be up with the major leaguers. There is much major league material among the former E. H. S. stars now in college. Foremost among these candidates for the big league is Eddie Wall (all scholastic shortstop and captain of the team of '33), who is now at Holy Cross. Running down the list, we see the names of Jay Downey, Bill Flynn, and Will Holland. Jay Downey was the '34 baseball captain of E. H. S. Bill Flynn and Will Holland are both at Boston College. This trio is shooting high! And how! Last season's team was a good one and it was slated for

the state championship at Fenway Park. The game was a real struggle for supremacy, with Boston Latin emerging the victor. This season we are going to try to duplicate the success achieved by our football team. Coach Ohrenberger always moulds a splendid nine for our school, but in order to do this he needs the help and co-operation of every fellow who goes out for the team. There are six letter men back this year, but not one of us is sure of his position.

When Coach Ohrenberger issues the call for candidates, be there with everything you've got, to the end that E. H. S. traditions in the baseball world may be maintained by a hard fighting, scrappy ball club.

### TARDINESS

The world has lots of tardiness.

It ever will be so

As long as there are bright red lights

To make the cars run slow.

And I, who must be in on time,

Should try to do my best;

But still I feel I never will

With gayety or zest.

"Convenient and Dependable,"

I hear the "EL" ads chime;

But still the darned things never yet

Have got me in on time!

And yet, it's just the trouble

And the bother that I hate;

For even when I finally die,

They'll speak of me as "late."

James E. Powers.

I cranka da car

But she's a no run—

Thees automobile

She's a sawn of a gun.

Shesa stop in da middle

Of da street upa town—

I look in da carburetor

But she's a no drown.

I pusha da clutch,

Shaka da wheel

Knocka da brake—

Da horn I feel.

I look in da tank

Wot I see—Yas—

Sawn of a gun—

She's outa da gas.

F. J. Rines, '38.



1. Full of Tricks. 2. Class Executive? 3. On the String. 4. Vice-President—Senior Class. 5. Library at Recess. 6. Track Manager. 7. Four Horsermen. 8. A Major-ity of Majors. 9. Two-lap Relay Team. 10. Arm Exercise!



## ALUMNI

Mr. Charles H. Stone, formerly of the Science Department, and for many years a contributor to the RECORD, sends us a song which he has written. "*New England Song*," as it is called, has been adopted by the New England States Club in Orlando, Florida, as its official club song. Sung to the tune of "*John Brown's Body*," the song has a peculiar charm which becomes noticeable as one reads. The author's native New England is given that sort of tribute which only one who is away from home can give to the place of his birth. The song follows:

## NEW ENGLAND SONG

*Tune: "John Brown's Body"*

New England is the song tonight, we sing  
with royal will,  
For bright in memory's magic light shine  
forest, vale and hill;  
While silver streams and lakelet's gleams  
can set our hearts athrill.  
New England leads them all.

## Chorus:

Cheer on cheer for old New England,  
Cheer on cheer for old New England,  
Cheer on cheer for old New England,  
New England leads them all.

The pines of Maine we sing tonight, and  
they are passing fair;  
We sing New Hampshire's mountains white  
with peaks beyond compare;  
We sing old Massachusetts, where first rose  
the Pilgrim's prayer;  
New England leads them all.

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It might be interesting to know that Nick Parkyakakus alias Harry Einstein who has leaped to the top in such a short time via Eddie Cantor's radio broadcast and his film, "*Strike Me Pink*," is a graduate of our school, Class of '23. While here he interested himself in dramatics and debating, and was also on the football squad that won the city championship in 1923. After graduating from E H S he was employed by a well-known Boston furniture concern in the capacity of advertising manager. When called upon to do his famous "Nick the Greek" act at a local charity affair, he was caught by the protuberous eyes of Cantor, and the rest of the story is one long round of success. Congratulations on your success, Harry; we're proud of you! "You hit the spot."

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